THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1808.

LOUISA COUNTESS CRAVEN.

WE cannot but express the most sincere pleasure at this lady's unexpected exaltation to a coronet; although wholly unbiassed by private prejudice, or that sycophantic adulation, which in too many instances dictates the congratulations of public prints. The cause of our satisfaction is not merely that a beautiful accomplished female is made a peeress; but that, amidst the general licentiousness of the stage, some virtuous characters are found, worthy to adorn any station in life: and it is to be hoped that such examples will tend to inspire others in a similar line to emulate that unblemished purity of conduct, which can alone entitle them to expect such aggrandizement. The present Countess Craven is the daughter of John Brunton, Esq. proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Brighton; a man whose public and private character is universally esteemed: his eldest daughter, afterwards Mrs. Merry, was a favourite actress in London about fifteen years ago, and maintained in domestic life an unblemished reputation. Miss Louisa Brunton, the subject of our memoir, though not possessed of such striking abilities, was an elegant actress, and performed the parts allotted to her with such grace and propriety, as rendered

her a meritorious candidate for dramatic fame—her first appearance was in the character of Lady Townley; her performance of which was sanctioned by general approbation.

Her personal attractions being such as could not fail to excite the admiration of the other sex, she received several eligible offers, all of which she declined. The attentions of Lord Craven were, however, too marked to be entirely avoided, as many illiberal sarcasms were levelled against her, which, we have every reason to believe, were wholly undeserved; and it is confidently asserted, that, when solicited to comply with his lordship's persuasions, her spirited reply was to this effect—"My lord, I know I am too humble to be made your wife—it is for you to learn, that I am too proud to become your mistress." Lord Craven, with gallantry and generosity which entitle him to the warmest encomiums, immediately made her a serious offer of his hand; on her acceptance of which, the marriage ceremony took place at his lordship's house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, in the presence of General and Mrs. St. John, the Hon. Mr. Craven (his lordship's brother), Mr. Brunton, senior, and Mr. John Brunton, of Covent Garden Theatre. The countess is now in her 25th year; and, if female loveliness, combined with the most amiable manners, can ensure happiness in the matrimonial state, Lord Craven has every prospect of felicity with his fair bride.

But though we thus congratulate the lady on her good fortune, we do not wish to insinuate that the acquisition of a title is at all times to be considered as the ultimatum of sublunary good—there are too many instances of "Splendid Misery" observable in the fashionable world, for us to venture any such assertion; while in the humbler walks of life we see innumerable examples of conjugal felicity, to which rank and wealth are ofttimes strangers. We hope, however, that the fair subject of our memoir will continue in her exalted station, a fortunate and meritorious instance of both these advantages combined, and that her lord, notwithstanding his long confirmed passion for the drama, will never be known to enact the character of the "Provoked," the "Suspicious," or even the "Careless Husband."

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CXIV.

HAVING some months since, for the benefit of a purer air, taken up my residence in a village a few miles from London, supposed to be one of the most sociable and pleasant in the vicinity of the metropolis, I received a number of calls from the residents of my own rank; and I took a pleasure in returning them in the same ceremonious way. Calls and cards gradually paved the way to tea drinking, and occasionally a supper; and I rejoiced to think that I had found a neighbourhood where I could have agreeable society, without expence, or unnecessary parade.

In a short time, however, I discovered, that in places where each knew their neighbours and was known by them, that scandal and gossiping constituted the chief amusement, and that any thing like a rational conversation seldom or ever took place, especially when any ladies were present. Having, however, gained the credit of being a cheerful and well-informed old lady, I had many compliments paid to my talents and understanding; but, gratifying as this might be, I speedily learnt, that the only means which were used to gain my good opinion in return, was by detailing all the idle stories which could be collected in the village; to which I wished to turn a deaf ear, but, out of complaisance, was obliged to hear, though I never gave any encouragement to the recitals.

Among those who paid the greatest court to me, was what is called an Old Maid; that is, a person who was never married, but who, if report spoke true, had been far from being correct in her conduct in her younger days. Determined, however, to assume the mask of pure virtue, she was more than commonly censorious in her remarks, and the most harmless sallies of youth were magnified by her into gross and flagrant violations of modesty and decorum. The more I discouraged any conversation of this kind, the more I was persecuted with it; and, in spite of my evident reluctance to be made even the supposed medium of propagating scandal, she was determined daily to

assail me with the tittle tattle of the neighbourhood, and the history of private families, concerning whom I felt no interest, beyond that of wishing them well, in common with the rest of my fellow-creatures. By degrees I discovered that some of those whose friendship I wished to deserve, became estranged from me; and, on hinting my concern to a lady of my own age, who seldom troubled herself about others, but read good books, and assisted in the education of her grand-children, I was given to understand, that Miss Rebecca Wormwood, the lying gazette of the place, had been making a very improper use of my name; and had laid to my charge a number of scandalous stories, the genuine offspring of her own malignant disposition, which she said she had *heard* at my house; though, in fact, she had only *heard* herself inventing or repeating them.

This, as may naturally be imagined, gave me much vexation, being conscious of not deserving the imputations that were cast upon me; and though it would have been impossible, by any explanations, to satisfy those who felt themselves aggrieved by misrepresentations in which I was made a party, I determined to leave the place as soon as circumstances permitted, and to return to town, where persons in general are too busily engaged in attending to their own private affairs, to have much time to spend on their neighbours.

This resolution I am about to put in practice; but, as a proof of my good wishes for some deserving persons, who may still continue to be the object of Miss Wormwood's illiberal strictures, and to discourage a too prevalent disposition to scandal, I give, under borrowed names, the substance of a morning's news, which I wrote down immediately as she left me; and which, during the report, scarcely drew from me a single word of observation, or one encouraging smile. Perhaps in every little town and village of the kingdom there is a *Wormwood;* and if the exhibition of the character should excite disgust, or occasion reformation, I shall not think the present display published in vain.

Enter *Miss Rebecca Wormwood.*

Good morning, my dear Ma'am, I hope you are very well, I could not call on you yesterday. I was engaged at

Mr. Furbelew's in a tête-a-tête with his wife. You know, in his business in town he employs a considerable number of young women—ladies, I should say—all handsome, I am told; but some of them no better than they ought to be. Would you believe it? his wife thinks him too familiar with one or two of them in particular, and perhaps not without reason, if half she says is true. But jealousy, you know, is quick-sighted. She once thought Mr. Furbelew too attentive to me; but I turned it off with a laugh, and said, I was not yet so much at a loss for an admirer, as to take up with another person's husband, and that of my friend too. Well! she consulted me how to manage; and we have laid a trap for the rover, that will be sure to catch him, if he strays from the high road of conjugal fidelity. I will not say more—mum's the word. Poor woman! she trusts me with all her secrets, and I would not betray her for the world—but I know you will not notice it.

Well, while I am upon this subject, I must tell you, that Mr. Simeon Dowlas, the great fortune of our village, who made about 50,000l. by trade, and retiring here, married his maidservant, a giggling girl of eighteen, when he was approaching sixty, has lately taken it into his head that she is too fond of his gardener. But an heir is likely to make its appearance soon; and Mr. Dowlas may bless his stars it is no worse. It is a wise child that knows its own father. For my part, I think her a good kind of a woman. To be sure, she has not much breeding; but how could that be expected from her kitchen education.

Ti, hee, hee! I am ready to burst with laughter. That great gawky, Miss Flambeau, the oil and colourman's daughter, is setting her cap at Mr. Patrick O'Cutter, the navy lieutenant, who, I have heard, has already buried three wives, and has now one living in Jamaica, and another in the East Indies. Well! she will be rightly served if she is caught, and the old fool, her father, for encouraging him to come to the house. He once, forsooth, wished to pay his addresses to me; but your humble servant for that, I knew better. I must acknowledge, however, he is a good looking fellow, and many a woman has done worse; but I was never fond of soldiers or sailors. They leave one, you know, often when they are most wanted at home.

O, I had almost forgot another piece of news, which I am sure you would never have thought of; but I have it from good authority. My maid brought it this morning from Mrs. Stocker's maid, and Mrs. Stocker's maid had it from her sweetheart in the family. You remember that booby, young Crabstick, the timber-merchant's son and heir. His mother was so partial to him, that she would not suffer him to go to school, but has kept him chiefly at home, and he has only had lessons occasionally from Splitverse, the curate. What knowledge he has had of life has been picked up in the kitchen; and it seems he wishes to be grateful to one of his instructors. You have seen his mother's maid—a shewy girl, to be sure, and not too bashful, if report says true, that she was caught with her late master in an awkward situation—but I do not believe any harm of the wench; she was always civil to me when I called, and I do not blame her for trying to better her fortune. Last night young master was discovered packing up his clothes, and Mrs. Abigail, when wanted by her mistress, was found to be employed in the same way. They were both brought to book; and master, I think he is now seventeen, blubbered and cried, and told his mamma he must have his dear Abigail, or he should never be happy. The girl faced it out, and said she thought it her duty to oblige her mistress's son; but this would not do—she was discharged, and had the mortification to travel alone in the last stage to London. It is thought, however, she has already been too *obliging*, and that the oaf will be drawn in to marry her. But, for the sake of my friends, I should be sorry to spread any reports of this kind. I know you are to be trusted.

Well! we have had a long gossip, I must now be going. I am to call on Mrs. Ferret. Poor thing! it is expected her husband's name will soon be in the Gazette—you understand me. They have been living away too fast. Give good dinners, though; we shall all be sorry for their misfortunes.

Good morning, my dear ma'am. I fear I have tired you with my budget; but I had much more to say, if there had been time—good morning.

Exit Miss Wormwood.

ON IMAGINARY CONSEQUENCE.

"Most people render themselves ridiculous, not by being what they are, but by wishing to appear what they are not."

TO THE EDITOR,

I HOPE you will excuse my taking the liberty of troubling you, about what may seem a whimsical distress, though to me it is an inconvenience of the first magnitude. I have the misfortune to live in a house occupied by a number of different inhabitants, all of whom endeavour to vie with each other in noise and consequence. The *lady* in the first floor being the wife of an attorney's clerk, is undoubtedly the most important personage in the list, of which she seems perfectly aware, by ordering her servant never to open the door to a single knock—and it is this very order which causes the *disorder* I now complain of. My landlady, piqued at the implication, determined to shew this consequential lodger that she is somebody; and, in course, the knocker generally remains in her hand about forty seconds, much to the annoyance of my poor ears. The lady in the second floor, (for you must understand they are all *ladies,)* whose employment is that of shoe-binding, has directed all her customers to give four distinct knocks; and the occupier of the parlour is distinguished by three—while I, being the poor tenant of a garret, am obliged to wait above half an hour, before any one will condescend to answer my humble knock, though I am the greatest sufferer by their absurd pretensions to gentility, my mind being distracted, and my rest interrupted, by their clamorous indications of consequence. Pray, Sir, can you imagine a more ridiculous thing, than a little drabbish girl, my landlady's daughter, running out for a halfpenny's worth of milk, and returning with a rap like that of a duchess's running footman? You will do me a particular favour, if you will address a word of advice to these people, some of whom I know read your entertaining

work—and if, in return, I can accommodate you with any trifling communication, you may command my services.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

And sincere admirer,

Petty France. SAMUEL SCRIBBLEMORE.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Scribblemore, as to the folly and ignorance displayed by his fellow-lodgers, but as it does not suit our plan to enter into private disagreements, we can only advise our correspondent, whose future favours will be acceptable, to look down with contempt from his elevated situation, and consider their pretensions but as proofs of their real littleness and want of understanding.

HUNTING.

HUNTING does not appear to me to be an occupation which we can reconcile with the duties we are called upon to fulfil—it must even appear a dangerous employment to a moral and religious man—for ought we not to be afraid of a pleasure which leads us to sins and irregularities? How does the health suffer by such violent exercise, and the violent transitions from heat to cold—what excesses—what swearing—what cruelties are allowed! How are the horses, dogs, and even the men treated! What mischief is done to the meadows and fields! If we were wise, we should seek pleasures more innocent and pure, and we should certainly find them.

Can it be an innocent pleasure to pursue with rage and fury a poor animal, which flies from us in violent anguish, till at last, exhausted with terror and fatigue, it falls and expires in horrid convulsions! Oh! savage man!

STURM.

THE SISTERS OF ROSE DALE;

OR,

MODERN ADOPTION.

(Continued from page 27.)

CHAP. II.

MRS. DAWSON and Fanny passed many an anxious hour after the departure of Matilda; yet, though Fanny on some occasions regretted her absence, she had in others cause of exultation; for her mother now regarded her with more tenderness, and treated her with a degree of confidence, which had hitherto been confined wholly to Matilda.

A fortnight passed tranquilly away, during which they endeavoured to amuse themselves with ideas of Matilda's pleasures, and a thousand agreeable anticipations. At length Mrs. Dawson grew weary of conjecture, and dispatched Fanny to the post-office for the expected letter. Fanny set out with alacrity; the distance was three miles, but had it been three times that number, she would have considered it no hardship. When she reached Taunton, she was delighted to find that her trouble was not in vain; and the speed of her return was accelerated in proportion to the vivacity of her spirits: but the wind, which had assisted her progress, was now a powerful opponent. A sudden gust tore her bonnet from the ribbon which confined it, and carried it with velocity in an opposite direction from that she was so anxious to pursue. Fanny bounded after it with the agility and lightness of the famed Camilla, and would have succeeded in recovering it, but for an unlucky pond, which stood by the road side, into which, with infinite mortification, she saw her bonnet hurled by the ruthless blast. Stooping to save it from entire destruction, her head grew giddy through anxiety and exertion, and, to complete the number of her distresses, she fell headlong into the pool; happily, her cry of terror was heard by a pass-

ing traveller, who instantaneously leaped from his horse, and extricated her from her perilous situation. Insensibility had closed poor Fanny's eyes; the traveller, with all the promptness of humanity, took off his great coat, wrapped it round her, and, after tying his horse to a tree, bore her in his arms to a farm-house, which was not above two fields distant:—"Mother," said he, to an old woman who sat by the fire knitting, "I have been so fortunate as to save this young lady from drowning—I believe—I hope—she is yet alive—for heaven's sake give her some assistance!" Mrs. Meadows required not a second solicitation: she chafed the hands and temples of the sufferer with hartshorn, and used every method to restore animation. The young man had immediately retired, and sent the servant with some warm flannels, dry linen, &c. In a short time Fanny recovered; she was astonished to find herself in such a situation, and, as her recollection returned, she made her most grateful acknowledgments for the kindness she had experienced. The young man now entered the room; he enquired after her health in the most solicitous manner, and begged to know if he could render her any further assistance. Fanny repeated her thanks, and proceeded to relate the cause of the accident; but, in the midst of her recital, she stopped short, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "What shall I do? it is lost, it is destroyed!" Her auditors, thinking she alluded to her bonnet, were surprised at the agitation she manifested; till, in terms of extreme sorrow, she bewailed her own and her mother's disappointment, in the loss of the letter so eagerly desired. To search for it would be useless: but her sensibility and affection made a lively impression on the mind of young Meadows. Pity is, they say, nearly allied to love; and it is certain that William at that moment experienced an emotion which owed its birth entirely to the former sentiment: for Fanny had no charms to captivate, nor was her present situation calculated to give her appearance any adventitious aid. It was her unassuming gentleness, and her filial piety, which interested and charmed the sensible Meadows.

After being refreshed with a little warm wine, Fanny expressed her solicitude to return to her mother, who, she feared, would be alarmed at her long absence. Meadows

immediately put his horse, which the boy had brought home, into a neat chaise, and insisted on conveying her home. Fanny would have declined giving him so much trouble; but he was resolute in his determination, and she was obliged to acquiesce. After reiterating her thanks for their hospitality, and assuring Mrs. Meadows she should be happy to see her at the cottage, Fanny departed, accompanied by her kind preserver. During their ride, the conversation became animated, and they were mutually pleased with each other. Though Fanny had as yet scarcely noticed the person of young Meadows, there was a certain insinuation in his manners which could not fail to prepossess her in his favour, independent of the service he had rendered her; but now that her spirits were tranquillized, and her first embarrassment got the better of, she could not but remark the fine person, and handsome features of her companion. William, who was not destitute of penetration, easily perceived that he was not likely to become an object of aversion, and, as his heart had been hitherto free from any tender attachment, he thought he could not devote its first affections to a more amiable object. Possessing unusual prudence for his years, he sought only domestic virtues; and, as it was his wish to form a matrimonial engagement as soon as he could meet with an object likely to promote his happiness; he resolved, if every other particular answered his expectations, to make Fanny his wife. Mrs. Dawson, who had been long waiting her daughter's return with apprehensive impatience, hastily ran to the gate when the chaise stopped: her surprise was excessive at Fanny's altered appearance, and, with breathless agitation, she demanded an explanation. Fanny briefly related the accident she had met with, and the kindness she had experienced from Mr. Meadows and his mother. Mrs. Dawson did not fail to make suitable acknowledgments; and, after a few minutes, getting the better of her temporary disappointment in the loss of the letter, she resumed her usual chearfulness, and treated Meadows with the agreeable affability of an old acquaintance. Delighted with such pleasant society, William protracted his visit till a late hour in the evening, and requested the privilege of repeating it at an early period.

This was a civility which Mrs. Dawson could not refuse; and, from that time, a day seldom passed, let the weather be what it might, but Meadows spent a few hours at the cottage.

Though he had not yet ventured to make his real intentions known, Mrs. Dawson could not but observe his partiality towards Fanny, and she felt most lively pleasure in the prospect of such an advantageous establishment for her child; as the father of Meadows was reported to be the richest farmer in the neighbourhood, and fame gave to young William the most unblemished reputation. Fanny, unbiassed by any interested view, took pleasure in the society of the young farmer, and noticed his attentions with a degree of secret delight, which she timidly concealed even from her mother. The natural humility of her mind made her fearful that she might mistake his sentiments; and it was not till she had received an explicit avowal of his affection, that she dared to indulge herself with the pleasing idea of becoming his wife. William, as just as generous, assured her that his esteem for her was unalterable, and founded on the most firm basis; but, at the same time informed her, that their prospects would be clouded by temporary inconvenience, if his father (who was at that time in London on particular business) should at his return object to their union. "It is true," said he, "I am of age, and so far independent, that by persevering industry we may support ourselves creditably; but there is an indispensable duty owing to our parents, which I should be unwilling to violate." Fanny applauded his sentiments, and entreated him to believe that they exactly corresponded with her own. Thus a mutual confidence was established between them, and their interviews passed in social enjoyment, and the tender endearment of virtuous affection.

A letter at length arrived, with the London post-mark. William had brought it from Taunton; and Mrs. Dawson, in the plenitude of her joy, threw her arms round his neck, and called him her "Dear son." A blush of pleasure suffused Fanny's cheek, and Meadows, encircling them both with his arms, said, smiling at the same time on Fanny, "Now that you have adopted me, you cannot retract your word."

Mrs. Dawson, seating herself between them, broke open the seal, and eagerly perused the contents of her daughter's letter, which ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I am greatly surprised at not received an answer to a letter which I wrote to you about three weeks since, and in which I related to you all the particulars of our journey, and the kindness of Lady Fitzgerald. But, oh! dear mother, how can I describe to you the charming place to which she has brought me; I write this from her ladyship's house in Portman Square, which, I can assure you, is a perfect palace. As to your daughter, you would scarcely know her; my hair, which you used to admire curling down my back, is now drawn closely from the roots, and fastened on the top of my head, something in the Chinese manner, as you see them on the tea-cups; my sleeves are cut up to the very shoulder, and though at first I suffered extremely from the cold, yet one must here make some sacrifices to fashion. I was extremely ill for a few days, in consequence of wearing fewer petticoats than usual; but, by her ladyship's care, am now perfectly recovered. To indulge and amuse me, Lady Fitzgerald has deviated from her usual plan, and mixed once more with the world; she has taken me to most of the public places; we have had several parties at home; and I was quite astonished at the difference observable in the manners of people of fashion, compared with those to whom I was accustomed at home; for indeed, my dear mother, there was not in the whole circle of our acquaintance a human being, of either sex, who, in dress or manner, resembles those I now meet with. Tell Fanny that I shall be very much displeased, if she forms an attachment with any of the young rustics in our neighbourhood; their manners are so awkward, and their dress so out of the way, that I should be quite shocked at the idea of such a one calling me sister."

Mrs. Dawson coloured at this passage; she would have given a trifle that she had not read it, but the wish was too late. Fanny felt a degree of painful confusion, and bent her eyes to the ground; and William, mortified, though not abashed, said, good humouredly, "Miss Dawson, it is

to be hoped, will never have cause to be ashamed of her sister, or even blush for her brother-in-law; *we* shall move in a very different sphere of life."—"I hope so," said Fanny, artlessly.—"My daughter is easily dazzled by external show, I perceive," observed Mrs. Dawson, "but she means no harm; and, I hope, is as capable of appreciating the value of an honest heart as my Fanny."—"No doubt," replied William, "but, dear Madam, let us hear a little more of her advice." Mrs. Dawson again read:—

"You can hardly imagine how affable and condescending the people of fashion are to inferiors—there seems not the smallest degree of pride in them—a baronet will even drive the horses for his groom; and some are known to black their own boots. I will repeat to you a curious conversation which occurred the other day at our house. We had a party to dinner; the persons assembled were—Lady Virginia Morney, Sir Miles Minnikin, Colonel Sibthorpe, and a Mr. Cavendish. When we retired to the drawing-room, after dinner, dress became, as is usual, the topic of conversation—the becoming and the unbecoming were progressively discussed—new shops recommended—new fashions commented on—and I was initiated into all the mysteries of the beau-monde.

"A summons to the tea-table at length brought the gentlemen up stairs; as they were ascending, they seemed in loud disputation, and the voice of Sir Miles was distinctly heard. "'Pon my veracity," said he, in a squeaking tone, "I would not part with it for twenty guineas; I gave ten for it—in fact, it is invaluable. I am persuaded it could only have been discovered by indefatigable assiduity and unwearied application."—"Ah!" cried Lady Fitzgerald, "they have started some very interesting subject; something for the good of the nation, no doubt. Sir Miles is a member, and we may be assured they have not been so frivolously occupied as we silly women: have you, Mr. Cavendish?" Cavendish whispered something to her in a low voice, at which she burst into a violent fit of laughter. When the gentlemen had taken their seats, Colonel Sibthorpe continued the conversation—"Faith, Minnikin, you are always in luck; do you know who was the original inventor of this incomparable recipe?"—"I would

give an estate to know," replied Minnikin, "for I will stake my life on its superiority; it descended to me from Sir Peter Polish, the most particular creature in existence. I have already spent a trifle in hush-money; for, if it was known, we should have every waiter and lacquey admiring himself in his own boots! he! he! The laugh went round at the SHINING wit of Sir Miles: but I was at a loss to comprehend it, till the baronet resumed his discourse. "The way he got it I never learnt, but it came into my hands by a casualty, which caused poor Polish severe chagrin; for he had long prided himself with being the sole possessor of the secret. Being indisposed one day, after a tavern surfeit, Sir Peter sent for his physician, who wrote him a prescription; but being just then called on by a particular friend, he slipped it into his pocket-book, while he diverted himself with an hour's chat. When his friend left him, the fit of vapours returned, and throwing himself on a sofa, he dispatched his servant to an apothecary with the prescription. The man soon returned with a large bottle, full of a thick mixture: upon which Sir Peter exclaimed, "Zounds, does he want to poison me?"—"Sir Peter," said the servant, "Mr. Cephalic has marked off the ingredients which he does not sell; he says you must get the ivory-black, and some other articles, at the oil-shop." —"Let me see," cried Sir Peter, starting up in a fury, "death and destruction! this is a preparation for blacking!"—"For blacking!" re-echoed Lady Fitzgerald, "oh, what a delectable subject for the wise heads of the nation: what an important discovery!!"—Cavendish, humouring the absurdity of Sir Miles, begged him to proceed, without minding her ladyship's raillery; but to tell them what Sir Peter did. "Did, Sir; he stamped and swore like a madman, but it was to no purpose; for the secret was out, and cursedly mortified he was. The fellow soon grew saucy upon his knowledge, and broached the whole joke. Polish was ashamed to shew his nose; and, in an imprudent fit of resentment, discharged the fellow without a character; but he was a match for his master, and in a short time scraped together money enough to advertise in the papers—

"A new invented *Polish* for gentlemen's boots; tried and approved, by most of the nobility, and officers in the royal regiments of guards."

"This impudent boast succeeded; and, instead of starving, he is now in a fair way of making his fortune; I had the good luck to purchase the recipe before he raised his terms." Sir Miles had talked himself completely out of breath, and sipped his tea with the air of a man perfectly assured that he had amused the company. For my part, I was really astonished that such frivolous topics should be introduced in circles of distinction, and could not help expressing my surprise to Lady Fitzgerald; who only smiled at my simplicity. "Oh, my dear girl," she replied, "men conversant in these matters are reckoned the best informed men of the age; and as politics are usually excluded when ladies are present, they would, in fact, be entirely at a loss for subjects, but for the aid of such little anecdotes as these: such extravagancies form the wit of the day now—frothy repartee supplies the place of polite and agreeable discourse—and affected singularity, nay, sometimes absolute rudeness, is substituted for decorum and good manners."—"The ladies cannot be great gainers by this exchange," said I.—"Oh! their capacities are judged to be too limited for them to enjoy rational converse; it would be petty treason to suppose them possessed of any intellect."—"How can women of fashion," I enquired, "tolerate such an insult to their understandings? I have read of illustrious females, who unite the graces of a court with all the strength of erudition."—"You are right, my dear," replied Lady Fitzgerald, "but the number is small; and there are few men now who can justly appreciate the value of a sensible woman. The beaux of the age are too ignorant, and the literati too cynical; the first do not care to learn, nor the last to teach. It is no wonder, therefore, that women take so little pains to attain the superior endowments of mind, since it is now so useless in society—All love to shine."

"I repeat this conversation, my dear mother, just to give you some idea of the manners of the fashionable world; yet, notwithstanding this absence of substantial en-

dowment, there is a fascination in their society, which renders it irresistibly agreeable. When I pay you a visit next summer, I shall hope to obtain your permission to bring my sister back, just for a little pleasure to her. Lady Fitzgerald has desired me to make the request; and if you will accompany her, I can ensure you a welcome: for her ladyship is all goodness and condescension. In my next I will acquaint you with a few particulars relative to her family and character, which will, I know, be interesting to you. I am now summoned to make tea.

"Adieu, dear mother: believe me
"Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,
"MATILDA DAWSON."

"If these are the beings Matilda would have me admire," exclaimed Fanny, when the letter was concluded, "I have no wish to go to London."—"I am happy to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Dawson, "I think we are best at home. Matilda is a giddy girl; I fear they will turn her head, but I hope they will never corrupt her heart."

(To be continued.)

*THE LITERARY SPY**.

NO. II.

MRS. CHARLTON.

THE novels written by this ingenious lady are entitled to our warmest approbation: whether we regard the easy elegance of her style, the interest excited by her plot, or the purity of her morals, we find equal subject of commendation. In the simple novel, or complicated romance, she is alike excellent. We believe the first production acknowledged by her was Andronica, the Fugitive Bride; which, though an interesting tale, is inferior to those she has lately written. Phedora, or, The Forest of Minski—The Wife and Mis-

* Those authors who have favoured us with copies of their works, shall be noticed in due order.

tress.—The Homicide—and, The Pirates of Naples; are novels which cannot fail to interest and amuse the reader.

MISS EDGEWORTH

Has produced many excellent novels. Her style is free, energetic, and dignified. Practical Education—Castle Rackrent—Belinda—Leonora—Popular Tales—and Adelaide, are from her pen, and do not disgrace the name of Edgeworth.

LA FONTAINE.

Few writers have contributed more to the cause of morality, or afforded a more pleasing scope for the abilities of English translators, than this author: few can peruse his works without profit or pleasure. There is peculiar fascination in his language—unaffected simplicity, refined delicacy of sentiment, and scenes of domestic happiness, seldom fail to delight the unsophisticated mind; and these may be said to be Fontaine's characteristics. His pieces are generally pathetic, and calculated to excite the tenderest emotions of the heart: his principal works are, The Baron de Fleming; or, The Rage of Nobility—Dolgorucki and Menzikoff—The Family of Halden—Henrietta Bellman—and, The Village Pastor. The last of which must be perused by a reader of taste with unalloyed satisfaction.

MRS. AND MISS GUNNING.

The names of these ladies are so well known in the literary world, that it is almost unnecessary to give any account of their writings here. The Packet—Lord Fitzhenry—Memoirs of Mary—Orphans of Snowdon—Fashionable Involvements—Memoirs of Madame de Barneveldt—The Farmer's Boy—and, The War Office, have been universally read and admired; and there was a period, when it was so much the fashion to give their novels the preference, that scarcely any other writer could obtain public suffrage. That hour of infatuation and prejudice is past—merit is now circumscribed to no particular family—and we can justly assert, that talents, taste, and ingenuity, are not confined to the Gunnings.

THE RECLUSES OF SNOWDEN.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 96.)

HAVING silently glanced his eye over the superscription, Melville eagerly tore open the letter, without even the usual form of an apology; then hastily pacing the room with visible agitation, he hurried out of it, without articulating a single word. Louisa's countenance betrayed a thousand apprehensions. Theodocius found himself deprived of the power of speech; but at length, regaining a degree of composure, he expressed his fears that her father had received some unpleasant news. A summons from her father prevented her from replying; and though the signal was instantly obeyed, he demanded "why she had not followed him the moment he left the room?"

Louisa's spirits were unprepared for the severity of accent in which this inquiry was made; and, without making any answer to it, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Pardon, I conjure you, the effect of tortured feelings!" said Melville, tenderly embracing his dutiful child, "for, oh, my Louisa, could you but read what at this moment is passing in my bosom, you would not only overlook any hasty expression, but sympathize in what I feel!—but time is precious—and I cannot disclose my sorrows. I must instantly quit Wales; my presence is at this moment necessary in London, and in less than a quarter of an hour the horses will be at the gate. I must write a few lines to Mrs. Owen, to request she will be your visitor until my return; for it would be extremely improper that you should remain without a female companion, whilst young Darnley is in the house. And, Louisa," continued he, grasping her hand rather with violence than affection, "remember, that to your prudence and precaution I intrust my future peace; and, unless you wish to drive your father to a state of distraction, you will guard your heart against the insidious artifices of the man whom humanity induced me to receive under my roof: for too plainly do I perceive that he will endeavour to ingratiate himself into your good opinion, and

then treacherously betray, abandon, and deceive. I do not forbid you from entering his apartment; but I charge you, as you value my affection, never to do it unaccompanied by Mrs. Owen."

"The charge is wholly unnecessary, my dear father," said Louisa, interrupting him, "for surely you cannot think me so lost to propriety and self-respect."—"That was spoken like the daughter of the ill-fated Melville!" he rejoined, emphatically, "ever practise that admonitory lesson—'*Reverence thyself!*'—it contains a volume of instruction; but we must part, my beloved, my adored girl: I cannot now be explicit, but I will be more so when I arrive in town." So saying, he fondly embraced the object of his affection, whilst the tear of parental tenderness trembled in his eye; and, as he gave her his parting benediction, he desired her not to press Theodocius to remain one day after he was able to bear the fatigue of travelling.

The singular conduct of Melville, his unusual asperity of demeanour, united to his undertaking such an unexpected journey, without explaining the cause; all tended so completely to depress Louisa's spirits, that she retired to her apartment, and yielded to a flood of tears. Wholly unmindful of the time which had elapsed since her father's departure, and of the intention he had expressed of sending for Mrs. Owen, she was roused from her gloomy reflections by the sound of that lady's voice, enquiring from the servant whether their mistress had walked out.

"This is kind of you, indeed, my dear Madam," said Louisa, hastily descending the stairs. "Why, my sweet little rose-bud," rejoined the facetious Mrs. Owen, "what can have occasioned this decrease of bloom?" And, still continuing to view her with a look of sympathy and astonishment, she added, "Although my favourite flower, I perceive, has been recently watered with the nurturing drops of dew."

There was a mixture of natural ignorance and assumed acquirements in the character of Mrs. Owen, that could not fail to amuse a cultivated mind; and as she was the only female with whom Louisa had any association, the attention she received from her called forth gratitude and esteem; although she could not help smiling at her follies, particularly

when she indulged in what she termed her poetic flights. That this votary of the muses was in one of her Apollonian humours, was evident from the style of her address; but Louisa's spirits were in too depressed a state to be amused by it, and she felt the want of some congenial spirit, in whose bosom she could repose her inquietudes and distress. "Whence the melancholy which overshadows that angelic countenance, my dear creature?" continued Mrs. Owen, perceiving the tears unbidden start from Louisa's azure eyes; "is it the absence of Mr. Melville that occasions them? or are you still deploring the *Captivating Narcissus'* hapless fall? Well, but seriously, my sweet girl, you must instantly introduce me to this sighing, dying swain; whom Owen declares is the most enchanting creature his eyes ever beheld."

As Louisa was aware that it was as impossible to check Mrs. Owen's volubility, as to stop the flowing of the tide, she suffered her to proceed without interruption, until she paused for a reply; when she acknowledged that the depression of her spirits wholly proceeded from the unexpected absence of her father. Curiosity happened to be a leading feature in this lady's character; and as her fertile mind had formed a most romantic termination of the accident which had occurred, she was impatient to see whether the charms of the *Fair Recluse* (as she generally termed Louisa,) had made an impression upon the accomplished stranger's heart.

Though Louisa endeavoured to form excuses for postponing the interview until Mr. Owen arrived, she found her companion's impatience much too ardent to be restrained; therefore having, in her own terms, "wiped the traces of sensibility from the eyes of expression," she accompanied her into the sick man's room; having first desired William to ask his master whether Mrs. Owen might have the pleasure of enquiring after his health.

Theodocius Darnley might, doubtless, have been termed the favourite child of nature; his person was finely proportioned; his countenance was not only handsome, but might have served as a model to an artist, desirous of pourtraying an intelligent mind; for the emotions of the heart were so

strongly depictured in his features, that it was almost unnecessary for him to speak.

Though Louisa was not in a frame of mind to derive entertainment from the ludicrous conduct of her friend, yet, from the studied form of speech in which she addressed Theodocius, it was evident that she had actually learnt it by heart; and, to prevent the smile, which transiently played over her lovely countenance, from being discovered, she was under the necessity of averting her head.

Under the pretence that talking might fatigue the invalid, Louisa made her visits much shorter than her companion seemed to approve; who, upon taking leave of Theodocius, assured him she should repeat her enquiries in a few hours. Of all the people in the world, whom Melville could have fixed upon as companion to his daughter, Mrs. Owen was the most likely to favour what he was so anxious to prevent; for though tenderly attached, and truly faithful to her husband, from the natural romantic turn of her disposition, she was delighted at the bare idea of a love scene. Theodocius possessed too penetrating a genius, not to perceive the lady's weak side; and, delighted with the idea of having so convenient a companion, he was continually pressing her to visit his room. Confidence was the result of frequent communication; and he described the effect of this new-felt passion in such enthusiastic terms, that Mrs. Owen could scarcely avoid envying Louisa the affection of such an enchanting man.

In vain did that amiable girl endeavour to combat a growing attachment, which she was aware would never be sanctioned by the author of her birth; yet, as the health of the too interesting Theodocius returned, and he was capable of entering into general conversation, the delicate refinement of his sentiments so completely corresponded with her own, that she could scarcely avoid acknowledging to Mrs. Owen, he was the only man for whom she could ever feel a real regard. Theodocius had not only made that lady the confidant of his affection, but had implored her to plead in his behalf; and a warmer champion in his cause he could not have chosen; for she took every opportunity of making the *Charming Narcissus* (as she termed him) the subject of her discourse.

At length the long expected letter arrived from Melville but it was so compteteley wrapped up in an oblivious shade, that Louisa was left to the indulgence of her own ideas, respecting the motive which had induced him so hastily to depart. The same degree of obscurity, however, was not observed towards Theodocius, as he almost commanded Louisa to order him out of the house; and he concluded his letter by saying, if he was not able to bear the fatigue of travelling, a temporary lodging might easily be procured.

Theodocius had perceived, that though humanity had influenced his entertainer's conduct, he was far from being a welcome guest; yet, as Melville had changed his name upon taking up his residence in Carnarvonshire, he had not the slightest idea of his having been his father's friend. The observation he had made he imparted to Mrs. Owen, who having consulted her husband, invited him to her house, and to it he retired a few days after Louisa had received her father's positive command.

To quit the being whom he adored, without disclosing that adoration, was impossible; and, in language the most delicate, the most empassioned and refined, he deplored the perversity of that prejudice which her father had so strikingly displayed. "Could I, most beloved of women," said he, "but discover the cause of your father's aversion to me, I might indulge the hope of impressing him with more favourable ideas; but, stranger as I am to him, and unacquainted as he must be with my character, I have not the vanity, the presumption, to form a hope that he will ever consent to our union; though on my knees I would implore him to receive me as his son. Of my father, allow me to say, I am totally independent; for, from my cradle, I was not only fostered, but educated, by an aunt; the most amiable, the most respectable of women, who implanted the seeds of virtue upon my ductile mind; and who dying about eighteen months since, left me undisputed master of two thousand a year. The failings of parents ought to be held sacred; but to the being to whom I vow eternal love and confidence, I must say he has some faults; or, rather inform her, that our sentiments do not exactly accord, and

this difference of opinion has prevented me from ever residing under his roof."

Various were the emotions which agitated Louisa's bosom, whilst listening to this candid detail; but, though her heart pleaded strongly in favour of Theodocius, she declared she could never again listen to such conversation, without her father's consent; though, to compensate for the pain this declaration gave him, she acknowledged he was the only being to whose care (if she was at liberty) she would intrust her future peace.

Cheered in some degree by this assurance, this truly attached lover bade adieu to the amiable Louisa, leaving a large packet for Melville, which he requested might be delivered as soon as he returned; when, after presenting the worthy Kirby with a munificent recompence, he threw himself into the chaise, which had been waiting three hours.

As Theodocius was to be the guest of Mrs. Owen, and as propriety no longer required her presence at Snowdon, she accompanied the dejected lover, and endeavoured to inspire his breast with hope. Each day was William dispatched with a verbal enquiry after the amiable Louisa's health; who had positively forbidden those of a written nature, in compliance with her father's commands.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

THE Athenians had a memorable custom, that a freedman, convicted of ingratitude towards his patron, should forfeit the privilege of his freedom; as who should say, "We scorn to have thee a citizen, who art so base a valuer of so great a gift; nor can we ever be brought to believe that he can be advantageous to the city, whom we perceive to be villanous at home. Go thy way then, and be still a servant, seeing thou knowest not how to esteem thy freedom."

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

[Concluded from page 68.]

SCENE.—*Dame Woodley's Cottage.*

Enter Willmot, Dame Woodley, Mr. Fairfield, and Ellen.

Dame W. Well, this seems to promise a happy termination to all our perplexities.—You have been a sad rogue, my boy, but I forgive you.

Willmot. Dear mother, my heart has never wandered from its duty—but how shall I express myself towards this generous friend, who stoops from his exalted station to unite himself with our little rustic?

Fairfield. It is the proudest action of my life—I should think myself unworthy of the advantages I possess, if I did not pay that distinction to merit, which can defeat every illiberal prejudice.—What would avail to me the splendour of a court, if my heart in secret reproached me with baseness and injustice?

Willmot. You are right; domestic pleasures are ever the sweetest, especially when accompanied with the delightful consciousness of having promoted the happiness of those who look up to us for support and protection.

Ellen. And that boast may be truly Mr. Fairfield's.

Fairfield. Sweet encomiast! one word of praise from my Ellen is the dearest tribute my heart can exact.

Ellen. Ah! you flatterer.

Fairfield. I trust you will all be pleased with my arrangements of the pleasures of the day—since, in addition to my rural festival, I have a jubilee, in imitation of foreign splendor—and I intend to portion off six blushing damsels, according to the ancient usage of English hospitality.

Dame W. And let me tell you, that besides the diversions promised by Mr. Fairfield, I have a little scheme to execute, which I think will afford an agreeable surprise to the whole party.

Willmot. Bless me, mother, what can that be?

Dame W. Aye! aye! I expected this; but I shall keep my secret till the proper time for discovery—it is a hazardous experiment—but my time is now or never.

Fairfield. Well, my friends, let us hasten to the hall; you will find there suitable dresses for our ball. Come, my Ellen; this evening decides our fate.

Willmot. I tremble for the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The interior of Sir Thomas Oakley's Garden.*

Frank and Susan.

Frank. Well, this is a happy meeting; I little thought to find you still attending Miss Oakley.

Susan. Ah! you have been a sad rover, Frank; but I forgive you—I have refused many a good offer for your sake, and now I suppose you will go to sea again, and leave me.

Frank. One trip more, my girl, and then we will settle for life; I should be a poltroon, indeed, to desert my country in time of need.

Susan. But your master is not so scrupulous.

Frank. Why there's a vast difference, d'ye see; he is an officer, he has already done his duty, and now may retire to make way for the promotion of other brave lads, and raise young recruits for his majesty's service.

Susan. You are as great a rattle as ever, I find.

Frank. Yes, my girl; and when I return from sea with plenty of shiners, you shall be as gay and as happy as the best lady in the land. But, hang it, we are prattling about our own concerns, and forgetting our duty to our employers; I hope, Sue, Miss Oakley is not playing a double part; I understand she receives letters from a young Irish spark.

Susan. It is a scandalous untruth, whoever told you so; my mistress is true and faithful to Captain Willmot, as ever woman was to man.

Frank. I know not what to think; here is a letter which I got from an ignorant clown, who was desired to deliver it to Miss Oakley.—[*Giving a letter.*

Susan. You may take it back to him then, for my mistress wants no such letters.

Enter Miss Oakley; she snatches the Letter from Susan.

Miss O. Hey-dey! pretty doings! so I have detected you, have I, madam?

Frank. What the devil shall we do now?

Susan. Ingenuity assist me! *(Falling on her knees.)*—Oh, dear madam, forgive me, I guessed how angry you would be—indeed, the young man knows I refused to take it—for, says I to him, "I'll tell you what, Sir, my mistress has too much prudence to receive such letters from any man; and though the gentleman is a rich gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, I know, says I, my mistress would turn up her nose at him, says I."

Frank. Why what is the girl driving at. [*Aside.*

Susan makes signs to him, while Miss Oakley tears the letter open and reads—

"DEAREST ANGEL,

"The transient glimpse I had of you yesterday, convinces me that my happiness can only be secured by an union with such rare endowments as you possess. I am not one of those who wear out expectation with tedious delays; if you will generously confide in my honour and affection, trifle not with my passion, and I flatter myself you will never have reason to repent of your choice. Condescend but to bless me with one interview, and every thing shall be satisfactorily arranged. I will wait in the Green Lane at the end of the avenue, at seven o'clock, in the expectation of seeing you. "Your adoring

"DONNELLAN O'DOGHERTY."

While she is reading, Frank gives Susan, Willmot's letter.

Miss Oakley. Bless me, this is an extraordinary adventure—what energy—what impatience! [*Aside.*

Frank. (Aside.) His assurance is only to be equalled by his stupidity. [*Peeping over her shoulder.*

Miss O. And is it possible that your master sent this to me?

Frank. Certainly, madam, to whom else should he send it?

Miss O. Susan, your young lady wants you—you may go in; I will give this man his answer.

Susan. Do, madam, and rate him well for his impertinence: to pretend to make love to a person of your years, indeed!

Miss O. Leave me to answer for myself. [*Exit Susan.* *(To Frank.)* Young man, you may tell your master that I think his proposal rather abrupt; but that I will consider of it, and let him know at the time appointed.

Frank. Oh, madam, if you did but know my master, you would not hesitate a moment; he is so brave, so generous, and so engaging; pray do not be too rigid.

Miss O. Well, well; tell him what I said, that is all at present. [*Exit.*

Frank. Exquisite old fool; this will be a most delightful joke for my master. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*A Pavilion fitted up with Magnificence—Hymen's altar, with appropriate Decorations.*

A Dance by six Young Couple.

Enter Fairfield.

SONG.

Let the merry bells ring round,
Let the sprightly tabor sound:
Hymen wears a habit gay,
For Cupid—'tis thy holiday.

Here the happy favour'd youth,
At the altar plights his truth;
Here the blushing fair must own,
That she loves but him alone.

Strew their path with sweetest flowers,
Laughing joy leads on the hours;
Dance and sing—drive care away—
For Cupid, 'tis thy holiday.

[*Villagers dance, and exeunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas and Emma, masked.

Sir Thomas. What whim has seized your aunt, that she would not join us?

Emma. I know not, indeed, Sir; she pleaded indisposition.

Fairfield. Welcome, Sir Thomas; Miss Oakley, I have an agreeable surprise for you.

Emma. Of what nature, Mr. Fairfield?

Enter Willmot and Ellen, masked.

Fairfield. Let it speak for itself; the worthy brother of your favourite Ellen is returned.

Emma. Dear Ellen, let me congratulate you.

Willmot. (Unmasking.) And permit me, madam, to return my most grateful thanks for the kindness my Ellen has received from you during my absence.

Emma. Captain Willmot, the brother of Ellen! astonishment!

Sir Thomas. Captain Willmot! why, what the devil do you know about Captain Willmot?—Unriddle me all this.

Fairfield. Permit me, Sir, to explain.

Enter a Gipsey.

Gipsey. No, no; I am the person for explanation. By my magic art I know more than any of you. Fair damsel, cross my hand, and I will tell you of some unexpected good luck.

Ellen. (Smiling.) Well, mistress.

Gipsey. Ah! you are not what you seem, with all your innocence: you will soon be the lady of this manor.

Sir Thomas. A false gipsey! she takes Ellen for my niece.

Gipsey. No, I do not: but you shall hear in turn some surprising things. *(To Willmot.)* Your hand, Sir.—"An honest palm this, for all your rogues tricks; you ran away from your humble home when a boy, changed your name, and went to sea, yet honour and promotion attended you—you fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy baronet, and your affection was returned—cruel destiny awhile persecuted you—but though you were separated, your hearts were faithfully united—and the lady will still be yours."

Willmot. Pray heaven your prediction may be verified!

Gipsey. Doubt it not.—Now, your honour, attend to me, if you please. [*To Sir Thomas.*

Sir Thomas. I want to hear none of your palaver.

Gipsey. Nay, old gentleman, I have facts to relate that

will move your incredulity—"Truth may be blamed, but never shamed."—You had once a wife, who swerved from her duty.

Sir Thomas. (Starting.) Why this must be the devil in disguise!

Gipsey. You know I am right: ah! the agitation of your hand convinces me that it so.—She left two children, whom you unfeelingly abandoned; a faithful domestic reared them as her own, and, agreeably to the dying request of your erring, but repentant wife, concealed them from your knowledge. Though placed in obscurity they grew up lovely and amiable—now disclaim them, if you dare! Willmot! Ellen! kneel, children, for Sir Thomas Oakley is your father!

Sir Thomas. Good God! this is more than a jest.

Gipsey. (Unmasking, discovers herself to be Dame Woodley.) Doubt not my word, Sir Thomas, these are your children. [*Willmot and Ellen kneel.*

Sir Thomas. Nature pleads for them. Oh, my children, can you forgive your cruel unnatural father?

Dame W. Sir Thomas, they have long been taught by me to love and respect you. The prejudice which occasioned you to desert them, was strengthened by the suggestions of an artful vindictive woman, who has at length, by her own absurdity and indiscretion, brought disgrace on your name.—Your sister has eloped!

Sir Thomas. My sister! the woman is mad.

Enter Hobby.

Hobby. He! he! Ecod, the best joke I ever zeed in my life. Poor madam! down she flumped her old bones all in the mud.

Sir Thomas. What does the fellow mean?

Hobby. Why I mean that I wants to speak with one Sir Thomas Oakley, if he be here.

Sir Thomas. I am he; what have you to say?

Hobby. Why you must know, Sir, as how I carried a letter from a red-hot Irishman to your house; that is, I was to carry it—but not much fancying that sort of dance, I gave it to a smart lad of a sailor, who *undertooked* to carry it for me—so, as it has turned out, he gived it to the old lady instead of the young one.

Willmot. This must be one of Frank's tricks.

Hobby. Let me tell my story, Sir, if you please. So the old lady put on a long white thingumbob, that covered her ugly old face, and went to meet Sir Donnelon O'Dogherty in the Green Lane behind the house: I was waiting there with a post-chaise, which I was to drive the first stage, for a guinea; but being zomehow rather cosey with the squire's ale, I ran the chaise foul of an old stump, and landed 'em plump in the *mucksey droud!* Squall went the lady, out jumped the Irishman, and, by the light of the good-looking moon, he found out the blessed blunder he had made. Oh, if you had heard him swear at the old fool! he! he! Oh, I shall crack my sides with laughing.

Emma. My poor aunt!

Sir Thomas. Oh, confound her, she is rightly served; but where is she, sirrah?

Hobby. Why she comed back with me, zure; for the devil a bit of Sir Donnelon would touch her with a pair of tongs. He took his *portmantle* out of the chaise, and rode off like wild-fire; and I brought madam back in a sweet pickle—she begs you will send after the vagabond, and commit him to prison.

Sir Thomas. Not I, indeed: let her shame and mortification be her punishment.

Fairfield. Permit me now, Sir, to call your attention to a more serious, and, I hope, satisfactory concern. In declining the honour of an alliance with your family, believe me, Sir Thomas, I mean no disrespect; I know the lady's affections have been long engaged to this worthy youth, and I trust you have now no objection to the alliance; for my own part, I have only to say, that this astonishing discovery has effected no change in my sentiments, Ellen has ever possessed my heart: and, indigent and obscure as I thought her, it was my intention to have made her my wief. I have now to ask my happiness from your hands; you was anxious to bestow on me your amiable niece, confirm, I entreat you, the favourable opinion you have ever expressed, and let the lovely, virtuous Ellen be mine.

Sir Thomas. Well, well; I have been taken by surprise, and so you must all have your own way.

Willmot and Ellen. Thanks, dear Sir—kind father.

Sir Thomas. Yes, yes, parents are all very good and kind, when they let the young ones do as they please.

Enter Frank and Susan.

Frank. (To Willmot.) I hope, Sir, you forgive me for what I did; but indeed there was no other way to settle the business.

Willmot. You must apologize to Sir Thomas.

[*Frank talks apart to Oakley.*

Fairfield. Now, my lovely Ellen, I hope all your delicate scruples are at an end.

Ellen. I own I give you my hand with much greater satisfaction; though your generosity has increased my esteem.

Sir Thomas. (To Frank.) Say no more, my lad, I forgive you; and am heartily glad the old hypocrite has been so completely unmasked.

Dame W. This is a day of rejoicing to all but me; I shall lose both my children.

Willmot. No, dear mother, we shall never cease to feel towards you the most grateful affection; you shall reside with us alternately, and we will be emulous to prove which retains the most lively sense of your past kindness.

Dame W. My dear Willmot! my dear Ellen!

[*Embracing them.*

Sir Thomas. And when they prove disobedient, or negligent, you shall come to the Hall, and be my housekeeper.

CHORUS.

ELLEN.

Ah! how vain is the endeavour,
To express my grateful love;
But my heart will feel for ever,
That which language cannot prove.

EMMA.

Maidens, hence you may discover,
Ne'er impatient to despair;
Virtue serves to bind the lover,
Caught at first in beauty's snare.

CHORUS.—WILLMOT AND FAIRFIELD.

Oh, may this hour auspicious prove,
And Hymen crown our faithful love!

E. F.

Extracts from the Literary History of the Troubadours.

" THE word Troubadour signifies an inventor; and is worthy of the subject to which it refers, as it expresses the genius of those poets whose compositions are recited in the work.

" The Jongleurs, who are mentioned by Petrarch and others, were a set of men who went about reciting the compositions of the Troubadours; and who sometimes aspired at the rewards and honours of both professions.

" In a country, favoured by nature, under a serene sky, and where the genial warmth of the climate enlivens the imagination without enervating the body, the taste will be more refined, and the compositions more animated. Such was the fortunate situation of the Troubadours; they inhabited the southern provinces of France, comprehended under the name of Provence; and were likewise called the Provençal Poets, because this language was common to them all.

" The compositions of the Troubadours may be divided into the gallant, the historical, the didactic, and the satirical. The last of these are the most valuable, as they explain the manners, and correct the vices of the time. The didactic pieces are few, but curious; some of them comprehend the maxims of universal morality; others instructions relative to the different conditions of society, to the candidates in chivalry, to the ladies, the poets, and the Jongleurs."

* * * * *

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

" THE NOVEL OF VIDAL.

" ON the return of that delightful season which bespangles the meadows with flowers, clothes the trees with a beautiful foliage, decks the woods and the groves with a verdant and refreshing shade, and fills all nature with melody and love, I arose one morning to go and visit my lord, who held his court at Muret; and, that I might appear with more respect before him, I ordered my knights to summon their 'squires, well mounted and armed. As we were on the way, we beheld a knight approach us in magnificent apparel; he was of a swarthy complexion, but majestic and

handsome; his eyes were soft and tender: his nose aqueline, and well shaped; and his teeth were like polished silver; his countenance was inexpressibly sweet; every tender charm played about his mouth; and his whole air and demeanour expressed the loveliness of his character. His shoes were studded with sapphires and emeralds, his robe ornamented with flowers of the most beautiful colours, and the most fragrant smell, and he wore a crown on his head; he was mounted on a palfrey of a middle size, its tail and one side was as black as jet, the other as white as ivory; the right shoulder was brown, and the left grey; his head and mane were red; one ear yellow, and the other dappled grey. The saddle was of jasper, and the housings of serpentine; the stirrups of agate, and the bridles of such inestimable jewels, that they exceeded in value the riches of Darius. By the side of this splendid knight rode a lovely lady, whose beauty attracted all eyes; the whiteness of her skin was as the driven snow, and her complexion, like the rose bud in spring, was exquisitely animated with tender blushes; a wreath of flowers encircled her long flaxen hair, which shone like gold: her eyes were sparkling, yet full of softness, and her shape was gracefully slender. Her habits were suited to her beauty, and discovered an elegant simplicity; her palfrey was beautiful, and its harness and bridles lily white. After them came a squire, accompanied by a gentlewoman. The squire carried a bow of polished ivory, with three arrows at his girdle; one was of burnished gold, the second of polished steel of Poitou, and the third of cast lead; he had also a wand of pliant wood. For the gentlewoman, we could not perceive whether she was pale or brown, for her long hair hung below her waist, covered her saddle, and came down over her face below the ends of her fingers.

"The beautiful pair sung a new song, which the woods re-echoed, and the birds strained their little throats to resound. They sung, that those knights who loved not, or who had ceased to love, ought to be mounted on asses, to distinguish them from loyal lovers; and that those ladies who bartered their love for gain, should be condemned to traverse the highways with a sack of corn on their backs. I was the first to salute them. "God preserve you from

evil," said I, "you, your lady, and your train." The knight replied, "God bless you, Peter Vidal, and send you a lady who shall love you truly, for you have sought one long."—"I have found one," I replied, "and such a one, that I am more hers than my own."—"You may be hers," resumed the knight, "but she never will be yours."—"I am, however, satisfied, for she appears to be mine."—"It is thus, my friend, that all foolish lovers deceive themselves."

"But if I love her constantly, she may be touched with compassion."—"No, my friend, for compassion she never knew."—"Yet she was ardently desirous of my love."—"Friend, when one has an unjust lord, the best part we can take is to abandon the fief."—"But when one finds that to be impossible?"—"Remain then like a galley slave, Peter Vidal."—"But how is it you know me so well? for you have often repeated my name; I beseech you remain with me this night, for never guest pleased me as you do."—The lady said she should like to repose near some fountain, meadow, or wood, for she did not like the close air of castles. "You will find, madam," replied I, "an agreeable place of retreat not far from the castle, in an orchard inclosed with a hedge of sweet calamas, where a laurel tree spreads its wide branches near a fountain, which rolls its transparent waters over the lucid pebbles." To this spot I led my guests, and seated them on the green turf; the flowers were springing up under us, they sent forth a most delightful odour, and the tender warblings of a thousand fond and faithful lovers, were wafted in every zephyr to our delighted imaginations.

"The gentlewoman spread on the grass a carpet of gold brocade, woven in the finest manner, on which was worked, in their natural colours, birds, animals, and flowers; and a great salamander was represented in the middle of it. This carpet was of such a size, that a million of knights might lay down on it without touching each other, and yet, when it was folded up, the gentlewoman carried it in a small bag; there were also a great many quilts and cushions for the rest of the company. When our repast ended, the knight said to me, "Peter Vidal, know that I am Love, this lady is called Mercy, that gentlewoman Chastity, and this squire

Loyalty; he carries the ivory bow, and be assured he never misses his mark."—"My lord," said I, "could I presume so far, I would ask you a question."—"Ask it," replied he, "I am ready to answer you."

"Tell me, in pity then, my lord, if Mercy will assist me with the object of my love; for as yet I have gathered only the thorns. Tell me, I beseech you, the source and progress of love; how it is lighted up in the heart, and how it is nourished there; how it can so slily insinuate itself by its softness; how it can set sleep at defiance, wage war with the elements themselves, burning in water and freezing in fire; how it can bind without any chain, and wound without any scar; how it can be produced without any mother; and how it happens, that being considered as so cruel an enemy, it should yet be so kindly fostered; grow imperceptibly as a spider's web, and in the very moment of its dissolution become stronger than ever*?—I would fain know how all this is done, and how Loyalty†, your squire, launches his darts with such softness and secrecy, that the wounded rejoice in their wounds, and will never permit their cure.—I wish also to know, why you bring away Mercy, Loyalty, and Chastity, from our country; this is to take the grain, and leave us only the chaff. I would yet further know, if it may not displease you, for what crime a lady has a right to dismiss her knight, or a knight to quit his lady; for I have heard it reported, the King of Navarre has forsaken his: for her he held numberless tournaments, and made many assaults on cities, towns, and castles—gave sumptuous feasts, and laughed and sung continually, with such joy did love inspire him; but now he laments in plaintive or satiric strains. I pray God to restore him to his ancient courtesy and urbanity; and that his lady pardoning him, may never need forgiveness herself."

"Peter Vidal," replied Love, "I should look upon any other, who could ask such questions as you have done, to be a fool; but since Mercy commands me, I will conceal

* This allegorical mode of writing was peculiar to the ancients, and possesses many beauties; it may be said to be the foundation of modern romance, and the original source of all those elegant metaphors which embellish the works of our most admired authors.

† By Loyalty, is usually meant fidelity.

nothing from you. It is not impossible, but that, after having suffered you to languish so long, Mercy may touch the heart of your fair one, if you remain constant in your love. I will now tell you what is the source and the food of love. It arises from the heart, where it is fostered by the will, after having been conceived by the imagination; it lives on gaiety and joy, and is nourished by the persecutions of perfidious rivals; and it only arrives at perfection when their falsehoods are unmasked. It springs from the tenderness of desire; and when faith and assurance are joined with this tenderness, it is then in its perfect state. With respect to Loyalty, our squire, he strikes the pensive melancholy lover with one of his arrows, the stroke enters with his sighs; and, astonishing to behold, instantly makes two souls one: but there is neither man nor woman, within whom these arrows will enter, if their hearts are not frank and loyal; and much more impossible is it, for those who make a trade of affection, and sell themselves for money, to be owned or rewarded by love: they are false gallants, they may go where they will for me, for I entirely abandon all such. I must now explain to you, for what offence a knight has a right to quit his lady without ever pardoning her, whatever may be her repentance; for infidelity to him, and base compliance with another. This crime can never be washed away; for as there is nothing more important to women than virtue, so there is nothing more odious in them than dishonour. (Chastity is the faithful follower of love, and most admirable in the sex.) Women are the models of all courtesy and true love, and they ought to be infinitely respected, when their conduct is irreproachable."

* * * * *

LITERARY BANQUET.

NO. I.

LEONORA BARONI.

THIS celebrated and accomplished woman was supposed to be one of the finest singers in the world. A whole volume of poems were written in her praise; and, among the Latin poems of Milton are three, entitled "Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem:" wherein this lady is celebrated for her

singing, with an allusion to her mother's exquisite performance on the lute. A fine eulogium on her is contained in a Discourse on the Music of the Italians, written by M. Maugars, Prior of St. Peter de Mac; printed with the Life of Malherbe, at Paris. The character given of her is as follows:—

"She is endowed with fine parts; she has a very good judgment to distinguish good from bad music; she understands it perfectly well, and even composes, which makes her absolute mistress of what she sings, and gives her the most exact pronunciation and expression of the sense of her words; she does not pretend to beauty, neither is she disagreeable, or a coquet. She sings with a bold and generous modesty, and an agreeable gravity; her voice reaches a large compass of notes, and is exact, loud, and harmonious; she softens and raises it without straining, or making grimaces. Her raptures and sighs are not indelicate, her looks have nothing impudent, nor does she transgress a virgin modesty in her gestures. In passing from one key to another she shews sometimes the divisions of the enharmonic and chromatic kind with so much art and sweetness, that every body is ravished with that fine and difficult method of singing. She has no need of any person to assist her with a theorbo, or viol, one of which is necessary to make her singing complete; for she plays perfectly well on both instruments herself. In short, I have had the good fortune to hear her sing several times above thirty different airs, with second and third stanzas, composed by herself. I must not forget to mention, that one day she did me the particular favour to sing with her mother and sister. Her mother played on the lute, her sister upon the harp, and herself upon the theorbo. This consort, composed of three fine voices, and of three different instruments, so powerfully transported my senses, and threw me into such raptures, that I forgot my mortality, and thought myself already among the angels, enjoying the felicity of the blessed."

Who is there who has heard and seen the present exquisite first singer at the Opera House, and will not exclaim, on reading the above character, that, with the exception of the sentence on beauty, "such is Catalini."

THE ECHO.

Related by Kircher, in the Ninth Book of his Musurgia Universalis.

A CERTAIN friend of mine having set out on a journey, had a river to cross, and not knowing the Ford, cried out "Ho!" to which an echo answered, "Ho!" He, imagining it to be a man, cried out in Italian, "*Onde devo passar?*" it answered "*Passa;*" and when he asked "*Qui?*" it replied "*Qui:*" but as the waters formed a deep whirlpool there, and made a great noise, he was terrified, and again asked "*Devo passar qui?*"—the echo returns, "*Passa qui.*" Alarmed with the fear of being obliged to swim, in case he attempted to pass there, and it being a dark and tempestuous night, he concluded that his respondent was some evil spirit, who wanted to entice him into the torrent; wherefore he returned, and relating the story to Cardan, (from whom I have extracted this narrative) was by him convinced that it was no demon, but only the sport of nature.

THE TARANTULA.

KIRCHER, the author of the Musurgia Universalis, (as mentioned in the preceding anecdote) has illustrated his account of the Tarantula by histories of cases; and, first, he speaks of a girl, who being bitten by this insect, could only be cured by the music of a drum. He then proceeds to relate, that a certain Spaniard, trusting to the efficacy of music in the cure of the frenzy occasioned by the bite of the Tarantula, submitted to be bitten on the hand by two of these creatures, of different colours, and possessed of different qualities. The venom was no sooner diffused about his body, than the symptoms of the disorder began to appear; upon which harpers, pipers, and other musicians were sent for, who, by various kinds of music, endeavoured to rouse him from that stupor into which he was fallen: but here, it was observed, that the bites of the two insects had produced contrary effects, for by one he was incited to dance, and by the other he was restrained therefrom, and in this conflict of nature expired.

The same account of the Tarantula is given in the Phonurgia Nova of Kircher, with the addition of a cut, representing the insect in two positions, the patient in the act of dancing, together with the musical notes of the tune by which in one instance the cure was effected.

In the Musurgia, Kircher attempts mechanically to account for the cure of the bite of the Tarantula by music; he says of the poison, that it is sharp, knawing, and bilious, and that it is received and incorporated into the medullary substance of the fibres. With respect to the music, he says, that the sounds of chords have a power to rarify the air to a certain harmonical pitch; and that the air, thus rarified, penetrating the pores of the patient's body, affects the muscles, arteries, and minute fibres, and incites him to dance; which exercise begets a perspiration, in which the poison evaporates.

Unsatisfactory as this theory appears, the belief of this strange phenomenon has prevailed among the ablest of modern physicians. Sir Thomas Brown, so far from disputing it, says, that since many attest the fact from experience, and that the learned Kircher hath positively averred it, and set down the songs and tunes solemnly used for the cure of the disease; and since some also affirm that the Tarantula itself will dance at the sound of music, he shall not at all question it.

Ludovicus Valetta, a Celestiné monk, of Apulia, published at Naples, in the year 1706, a treatise upon this spider, in which he not only answers the objections of those who deny the whole thing, but gives, from his own knowledge, several instances of persons who have suffered in this way; some of whom were of great families, and, so far from being dissemblers, that they would at any rate, to avoid shame, have concealed the misfortune which had befallen them.

The honourable Mr. Robert Boyle, in his Treatise of Languid and Unheeded Motions, speaking of the bite of the Tarantula, and the cure of the disease, which follows it, by means of music, says, that having had himself some doubts about the matter, he was, after strict enquiry, convinced that the relations were, in the main, true.

Farther, that eminent Italian physician of the last cen-

Baglivi, a native of Apulia, the country where the Tarantula is produced, has written a dissertation "De anatomia morsu et effectibus Tarantulæ." In this he describes the region of Apulia, where the Tarantula is produced, with the anatomy and figure of the insect and its eggs, illustrated by an engraving; he mentions particularly the symptoms that follow from the bite, and the cure of the disease by music, with a variety of histories of cures thus wrought; many of them communicated by persons who were eye-witnesses of the process.

Lastly, Dr. Mead, in his mechanical account of poisons, has given an essay on the Tarantula, containing the substance of the above relations, which he endeavours to confirm by his own reasoning therefrom.

Notwithstanding the number and weight of these authorities, and the general acquiescence of learned and ingenious men, in the opinion that the bite of the Tarantula is poisonous, and that the cure of the disorder occasioned by it, is effected by music, there is still reason to apprehend that the whole is a mistake.

In the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1672, page 4066, is an extract from a letter by Dr. Thomaso Cornelio, a Neapolitan physician, to John Doddington, Esq. his Majesty's resident at Venice, communicated by the latter, in which, speaking of his intentions to send to Mr. Doddington some Tarantulas, he says, "meanwhile I shall not omit to impart to you what was related to me a few days since, by a judicious and unprejudiced person; which is, that being in the country of Otranto, where those insects are in great numbers, there was a man, who thinking himself stung by a Tarantula, shewed in his neck a small speck, about which there arose, in a very short time, some pimples, full of a serous humour; and that, in a few days after, that poor man was sorely afflicted with very violent symptoms, as syncopes, very great agitations, giddiness of the head, and vomiting; but that, without any inclination at all to dance, and without all desire of having any musical instruments, he miserably died within two days. The same person affirmed to me, that all those who think themselves bitten by Tarantulas, except such as for evil ends feign themselves to be so, are for the most part young wanton

girls, whom the Italian calls Dolce di Sale; who, by some particular indisposition, falling into this melancholy madness, persuade themselves, according to the vulgar prejudice, to have been stung by a Tarantula. And I remember to have observed, in Calabria, some women, who, seized on by some such accidents, were counted to be possessed by the devil; it being the common belief, in that province, that the greatest part of the evils which afflict mankind proceed from evil spirits."

Dr. Serao, an Italian physician, has written an ingenious book, in which he has, as it seems, effectually exploded this opinion as a popular error; and, in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 60, for the year 1770, page 236, is a letter from Dominico Cerillo, M. D. Professor of Natural History in the University of Naples, wherein, taking notice of Serao's book, he says, "that having had an opportunity of examining the effects of this animal, in the province of Taranto, where it is found in great abundance, he finds that the surprising cure of the bite of a Tarantula by music has not the least truth in it; and that it is only an invention of the people, who want to get a little money by dancing, when they say the Tarantism begins." He adds, "I make no doubt but sometimes the heat of the climate contributes very much to warm their imaginations, and throw them into a delirium, which may be in some measure cured by music; but several experiments have been tried with the Tarantula, and neither men nor animals, after the bite, have had any other complaint than a very trifling inflammation upon the part, like that produced by the bite of a scorpion, which goes off by itself, without any danger at all. In Sicily, where the summer is still warmer than in any part of the kingdom of Naples, the Tarantula is never dangerous; and music is never employed for the cure of the pretended Tarantism."

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

QUERY.—Is the encouragement of private theatricals beneficial, or injurious, to the morals of youth?

MR. MEANWELL.

THE subject of this evening's debate is so important to the rising generation, that we cannot give it too much consideration. The rage for dramatic exhibitions is now become so general, that private theatres are established in all parts of the town, and the Thespian art is considered as a material branch of polite education. Even the lisping accents of infancy are tutored to utter expressions of horror, and "fret and fume their hour upon the stage;" while their too partial parents, delighted with the early indication of talent in their children, encourage the destructive pursuit, without considering how the mind takes its bias from the early habits of youth: I say destructive, since such habits ultimately lead to extravagance, idleness, levity, and immorality.

MR. CAVIL.

Notwithstanding the high opinion I entertain of our friend Meanwell's understanding, and rectitude of principles, I cannot but materially differ from him in my sentiments on this subject. I own myself an admirer of the drama, and I am happy in the knowledge of several characters, most eminently praise-worthy, who have, from their earliest infancy, been brought up to the stage; not to mention those recent instances which have given dignity to the profession, which many illiberal minded cavillers would endeavour to divest it of. It is true, that in former times the performers, of both sexes, were but a vagrant set—but in that point, at least, the manners of the present age are considerably improved; and it is my opinion, that the support given to theatrical representations by persons of respectability in this country, will tend materially to produce that purity of conduct, which can alone establish the credit of the profession. But it is not my wish to enter into any viu-

dication or accusation of public performers, I will merely confine my observations to those juvenile actors who prefer dramatic pursuits to any other frivolous occupation. At a certain age the youthful mind is fertile in inventing its own pleasures, and this, of all others, in my opinion, assists the labour of education, and renders them emulous to excel in such attainments, as in advanced life stamp them accomplished characters. Elegance of deportment and expression —taste in dress—and the ease of fashionable manners, are acquired by constant study and practice; memory and ingenuity are equally exercised, the language of our best authors becomes familiar to them, and it is hardly to be doubted, that the premature genius of children, in our time, is owing to the encouragement of dramatic pursuits.

MR. PLACID.

I have listened with patience, more the result of politeness than conviction, to the arguments used by the gentleman who spoke last, in defence of an absurd and pernicious indulgence; nor could I have suffered him to proceed so far without interruption, but that I was fully persuaded his reasoning was too obviously erroneous to make any serious impression on the minds of his auditors. With a celebrated author I may say, "All this, I know tends to form them;"—it certainly tends to render them very pert and troublesome—and further I may assert, it tends to form some of the most dissolute characters of the age. Of what advantage are those accomplishments which are acquired merely for the sake of public exhibition? Vanity is easily ingrafted on the youthful mind; and the girl who, at twelve years of age, is accustomed to be received with clamorous plaudits and murmurs of partial admiration, will hardly be content, at eighteen, with the retiring modesty of private life. She, who looks so beautiful to-night in velvet and embroidery, will regard herself with very little complacency in a plain cotton gown, behind her father's counter to-morrow. Nor can it be expected. What then must be the consequence of such habits?—certainly nothing but a life of shew and dissipation. The enormous salaries of our first-rate performers is a tempting lure, and the surprising good fortune of several theatrical characters, within a short period, has

contributed to strengthen the Thespian mania to a most alarming degree. In fact, it is my sincere opinion, that it would be to the advantage of society if such nurseries of vice and folly were entirely suppressed—the amusement may serve as well for girls of fortune and fashion, as the card-table—but, for the children of respectable tradesmen, they are pernicious in the extreme.

CAPTAIN RATTLE.

I am so warm an advocate for the drama, and all its supporters, that I cannot assent to the opinion expressed by our worthy friend Placid. He seems to regard the stage, and all its votaries, with a prejudiced eye—and for what? Does it not, under its present regulations, inculcate the purest morality?—Do not our authors labour, with unwearying vigilance, to decry the follies and vices of the age?—Do they not even level the shafts of ridicule against their best friends, and also against the most exalted characters of the great world?—Do they not scandalize the fair sex with most malicious satire? and for what purpose—but to improve the public manners.—And yet, these important services are disregarded, and play writers, as well as actors, accused of profligacy and immorality. Oh! what blindness! what ingratitude! And then, what a terrible outcry he raises, in the fear that these promising children, these infant Rosciuses, should adopt the stage as a profession.—Suppose they should?—what can they do better?—Tell me the mantua-maker, or milliner, who, by the work of her own hands, can get twenty guineas a-week?—You cannot, gentlemen, you know you cannot—and who will dare to impeach the morality of the stage, now that such tumultuous indications of disapprobation are given, when any of its fair votaries is suspected of a false step? I hope, gentlemen, I have convinced you in a most satisfactory manner, that whoever has spoken on the other side of the question, must be both prejudiced, narrow-minded, and uninformed.

MR. MEANWELL.

As I am not to be intimidated by the assertion with which Captain Rattle concluded his Quixotic defence of the drama, I will venture to make a few further observations on the subject, before we close the debate. I admit that there

is considerable amendment visible in the manners of public performers; and though great part of our friend's vindication was but humorous satire, there is some degree of truth in his remarks. Yet, with all these allowances, I should be extremely unwilling that any child of mine, a daughter particularly, should appear on the stage, as I cannot but consider the business wholly inimical to female delicacy. I have been frequently behind the scenes, and I am convinced, that, were any woman of real modesty, and who had been educated in habits of decorum, to witness what passes there, she would turn with disgust from such an occupation, and content herself in the less distinguished walk of common life. The unseemly jest of low scene-shifters—the rough grasp, and rude blows, occasionally unavoidable in particular parts—the perilous and indelicate heights they have to climb—the impertinent familiarity of men of loose character—and exposure to the undeserved insults of a dissatisfied audience—all these are but what she is each night subjected to, who makes a traffic of her talents, and exposes her person for a sum, which is usually expended in folly and licentiousness. Let me appeal to your hearts, gentlemen, if such a profession is what you would chuse for your daughter, or sister. I think I read an answer in the negative on every countenance—and I will, therefore, conclude with a sentence from Rousseau, which I address to those amiable females who honour our debates with their attention—"Female virtues never display themselves but in a life of retirement. The peculiar province of women is in the peaceful management of their families; their dignity consists in modesty, and *bashfulness* is in them inseparable from chastity. To court the looks of the men is a mark of corruption; and every woman dishonours herself who is fond of appearing in public."

Mr. Meanwell having ended his observations, it was unanimously agreed that private theatricals are injurious to the morals of youth.

The question was then put for the next meeting, viz.

"Which is the greatest evil in marriage—love without money, or money without love?"

ESTABLISHMENT OF QUAKERISM.

AMIDST the variety of sectaries that prevailed during the agitated reigns of Charles I. and II. none stand more eminently distinguished than the Quakers. Their founder was George Fox, a shoemaker's apprentice: but, though enthusiasts in the highest degree, they made no figure in the general commotions, because their principles forbade the use of arms. They thought the practice of civility a worldly refinement, unworthy of christianity. They addressed themselves to every body by the monosyllables THEE and THOU, and gave no title but that of Friend, even to people of rank and fortune. Their dress was similar to their manners: they rejected all superfluities, not excepting plaits in their cloaths, and buttons to their sleeves and hats; which they deemed unnecessary. Their religious system consisted in following the letter of the gospel; they thought an oath blasphemy, even when taken in a court of justice; they allowed no sacraments, no church ceremonies, no churches, no priests. Every one affected inspiration, and made strange efforts to receive the holy spirit; and from these *trembling* convulsions they acquired the appellation of *Quakers*. These fanatics would sometimes rush into churches, disturb the service, and insult the ministers. They were sentenced to be whipped and pilloried; but in this they triumphed, and their obstinate patience appeared supernatural to the people. Some of them undertook to fast forty days, in imitation of the Saviour of the world; and actually perished in the presumptuous attempt. All made a point of offering their cheek to those who would smite them, and never to return an injury. The consequence was, that by carrying their religious duties to the most extravagant height, they exposed their very virtues to ridicule. Strange, surely it is, that the Gospel, calculated to inspire every social virtue, should have afforded so many pretences to folly and phrenzy, to break the sacred bonds of society! But such is the weakness of the human mind, when men affect to quit the path marked by the Author of reason, they wander through wildness and obscurity, till they lose themselves and their way together.

General Observations on the Fashions.

Head-Dresses.—The only novel article, worth notice, is the long-eared Circassian cap, composed of net, with rich worked borders.—Some dress hats, a-la-Swede, as worn by the female characters in the "Wanderer," have appeared, but are not sufficiently becoming to be generally adopted.—Beaver hats, with feathers, are likely to be very fashionable for the spring.

Pelisses—Are now chiefly preferred of sarsnet. India silk, wrought in various figures and colours, has been lately introduced; it has an elegant and seasonable appearance.

Dresses—Are still worn without trains, and have mostly worked borders; long sleeves, of tamboured net, are more general than ever.

Shoes—Of scarlet velvet, or coloured kid, with embroidery, are the newest fashion.

Ornaments—Of small coral beads, are constructed in various devices, with peculiar ingenuity; and have a most beautiful effect.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1. Plain muslin dress, embroidered round the bottom, sleeves and tucker to correspond; a fashionable silk mantle; head dress the same colour; white kid gloves.

Fig. 2. An under dress of sarsnet, with long sleeves; a Turkish robe, of rose coloured velvet, trimmed with ermine; head dress of white sattin and velvet, ornamented with ostrich feathers; kid shoes.

LONDON DRESSES for MARCH.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry March 1 1808.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SPRING.

1.

HARK, in the tree methinks I hear,
Proclaiming sweet the vernal year,
The cuckoo's early song;
Repeating of his simple tale,
While down the long withdrawing vale
The double notes prolong.

2.

'Tis gentle Spring! and many a smile
Is seen to deck Great George's Isle,
The spot with freedom crown'd;
No more fell winter's howling storm,
Augusta's circling plains deform,
And strip the country round.

3.

For see! the forests now display
Their ample foliage to the day;
And the late fetter'd flood
Again pursues its shining maze,
While cattle on the margin graze,
In solitary mood.

4.

The fledg'd musicians of the air,
To drive away corroding care,
Tune all their pipes to love;
While zephyrs bland on sportive wing,
Cull the soft odours of the spring,
And 'thwart the meadows move.

5.

Spreading o'er nature's vast domain
Their kisses, snatch'd from Flora's train,
While the assenting trees,
And slender grass, and list'ning lake,
For dulcet treasures they partake,
Confess the passing breeze.

6.

O! thou prime of the rolling year,
Delightful Spring, let me appear
Oft votive at thy shrine;
For soon wilt thou to Summer's hand,
Grave matron with the amber wand,
The rosy hours resign.

Finsbury, Sept. 5, 1807. J. H—K—N—S.

PROVERBIAL PROLOGUE.

Intended to be spoken at a Private Theatre, previous to the Representation of a Dramatic Proverb.

OF the whole string of Proverbs, pray which can I chuse,
To plead 'mongst kind friends, for a juvenile muse,
Who on fancy's light pinion her flight now essays,
To snatch from Parnassus a small sprig of bays?
Though arduous the height, and oppressive her fears,
Unappall'd through the region of fiction she steers;
Hope breathes a kind zephyr to speed her away,
And *Morality* guides her from wandering astray;
If ambitious the aim, 'tis no crime to begin,
"*Who dares venture nothing, can nothing e'er win;*"
And let those who would censure, this proverb review,
"*Who mends one fault, is kinder than he who finds two.*"

Some aver "*a good name sets an author asleep,*"
But ours means not exactly this proverb to keep;
One word of applause will awaken fresh fire,
Emulation excite—timid genius inspire;
Mild counsel the errors of judgment correct,
And propriety's rein fancy's wanderings direct.

Should the drama's strict critic her efforts deride,
Mark each glaring defect, to diminish her pride,
Cry, "The plot is mere nonsense, the characters vile,
The language deficient of graces and style"—
Still vanity's salvo is ready at hand,
And a small gleam of comfort be yet at command.

'Tis true, no wild horrors her pen has pourtray'd,
To outrage nature's dictates, and reason degrade;
No half finish'd witling, with language obscene,
Shocks modesty's ears, to *enliven* the scene;
No high sounding phrases, the sense to confuse,
The dullard astonish, and true taste abuse;
Such tricks she disclaims, simple nature her guide,
Content by truth's touchstone alone to be tried.

* * * *

But hold! this vain boast perhaps fits not my station,
"*Self-praise*," 'tis well known, "*is no recommendation*;"
Without all this jangle—"*A word to the wise*,"
At all times, in all seasons, is said to suffice;
Though what that word should be, I'm puzzled to find,
Unless it is this—"*Every man to his mind*;"
And as tastes are so various, the motto I'll chuse,
As an omen propitious to favour my muse;
Since the public caprice every instant displays,
That what one disapproves his next neighbour will praise.
Then critics be candid—spare faults that are small—
Nor think your own taste is the standard for all;
Keep charity's maxim for ever in view,
"*As you'd wish to be done by—to others so do.*"

E. F.

THE TEAR.

DEDICATED TO MISS D. S. C.

LEAVE, leave, chrystal'line drop, thy sapphire cell,
And cease to linger on my grief-worn cheek;
To Delia haste, for thou hast pow'r to speak,
And to her gentle ear thy story tell.

Breathe in her breast the anguish that I feel,
And tell her, tell her, that my bursting heart,
A prey to sorrow's agonizing smart,
Bade thee thus softly to her bosom steal.

Haste, haste, celestial pity's breath to sip,
Pure gem of sensibility, and while
Thy pearly treasures tremble on her lip,
Pleas'd with thy genuine truth the fair may smile:
And if to thee that rapturous smile be giv'n,
Fly, fly to me, and bear the transient heav'n.

Bouverie Street, L.
December 12, 1807.

THE EVENING WALK.

ADIEU, lov'd shades, with vernal beauty crown'd,
Free from each sordid, each ambitious care,
Where Flora throws her various sweets around,
And scents with rich perfumes the ambient air.

When eve with purple tints the distant grove,
And zephyrs 'mid the spreading branches play,
How sweet beneath the moon's pale orb to rove,
How sweet within this rural scene to stray.

How sweet to hear, borne on the passing gale,
The shepherd's flute, as gradual sink the day;
The notes now rising, echo thro' the vale,
And now in pleasing softness die away.

At each dread pause, lone Philomela near,
Renews her pleasing ever varied song,
Which claims attention from the enraptur'd ear,
And steals the margin of the lake along.

I would not yield this calm, this tranquil hour,
To taste the joys bestow'd by Sol's bright ray;
Nor would resign the fragrance of the bower,
To share the pomp imperial domes display.

Oct. 14, 1806. T. G.

LOVE OMNIPOTENT.

LOVE still commands my heart and purse,
Life else would not be worth possessing;
Yet never let me make a curse,
What Jove intended for a blessing.

If faithless Chloe should deceive,
Am I to suffer death and anguish?
No, gentle ladies, by your leave,
I wish to *love* and not to *languish!*

Against love a defence to make,
Ye fair ones, trust me, is vain:
For those who fly he'll sure o'ertake,
And those who fight are quickly slain.

M.

LINES ON THE AUTHOR's HAT,

Being accidentally placed in a Lady's Chamber all Night.

NOT the hero's trophied crest
Can with envy fill my breast;
Not the tuneful poet's bays,
Or the patriot's meed of praise;
Not the gallant Nelson's fate,
Nor the glittering pomp of state.
Yet the snaky goddess throws
All her venom on my brows;
Though I wish not this, nor that,
Yet I envy—what?—my Hat!
Happy Hat! supremely blest!
Thou one blissful night didst rest,
Near the couch where Morpheus throws
Balmy sweets on Delia's brows;
Yes—thou senseless, sable, thing,
Poet, patriot, and king,
All beyond my envy flee,
In comparison with thee.

Colchester, Nov. 30. J. FITCH.

TO NANETTE.

I'VE known this bow'r full many a year,
To me its ev'ry bloom is dear,
Its ev'ry blossom sweet;
I've sought its shelter from the show'r,
Its foliage in the sunny hour
Has been my calm retreat.

And many an hour, to mem'ry dear,
I've pass'd within its flow'ry sphere,
Nanette, with love and thee;
Oh! they were moments kindly giv'n,
Moments that breath'd of love and heav'n,
And sweetly smil'd on me.

And time, upon his ceaseless wing,
Yet many a happy hour may bring,
Of still encreasing joy;
And may each gay, succeeding Spring,
To you, my fair one, ever bring
Pleasure without alloy.

Kingsland. JAMES.

LINES,

Addressed to a Young Lady.

WHAT though no fortune or estates I own,
Nor boast the jewels glitt'ring in a crown!—
Mine is a cot where happiness resides,
Where the fleet hour in sweet contentment glides;
Mine is the fragrance of the rising morn,
And mine the flow'rs which earth's green face adorn.
Oft in the e'en I listen to the note
Of the sweet nightingale, on spray remote:
Oft in the e'en I see the moon on high,
Swiftly revolving thro' th' etherial sky,
In all her wonted pomp, and silent majesty.
Yet while 'midst scenes of happiness I rove,
I feel a pain—the pleasing pain of love.

W——th, Feb. 20, 1807. E. G.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT,

ON THE GENERAL FAST.

WHEN Abraham, fill'd with sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued.

With what success, what wond'rous grace!
Was his petition crown'd;
The Lord would spare—if in that place
Ten righteous souls were found.

And since one pious soul alone
Could such a boon obtain,
Just God, shall a whole nation plead
Before thy throne in vain?

Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints may boast,
United when their prayers ascend,
Let not their prayers be lost.

Are not thy people dear to thee,
Now, as in former days;
Or doth this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah's evil ways?

Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here still be thy abode;
Long hath thy presence blest our land,
Forsake us not, O God!

Long may thy people, priests, and prince,
Thy choicest favours share,
And know thee by that gracious name,
The God that heareth prayer.

RIDGEWAY.

Ryegate, Feb. 17, 1808.

ACROSTIC.

A FORM so truly fair, sweet maid as thine,
G raceful as Venus, almost seems divine;
N o baneful flatt'ry fills the poet's line:
E ach charm of thine inflicts a pang of pain,
S till am I doom'd to sigh, and sigh in vain.
P ity the fateful torments I endure,
E vince, with one soft smile, thy wish to cure;
B elieve the sorrows of an aching heart;
C alm the emotions of a lover's smart;—
I nviting smiles, fair girl, might I but share,
V anish'd would be each thought of painful care;
A las! I fear you still will let me prove,
L ing'ring affection, unreturn'd with love!

CHARADES.

1.

WHEN thro' the dark and lurid skies
My *first* is seen to glare,
The peasant to his cottage flies,
To seek my *second* there;
My *whole* in wint'ry scenes obtains a place,
And guards from fierce assaults my Delia's face.

2.

Trembling, confus'd with blushes warm,
My *first* your presence meets;
My *next* the thirsty traveller seeks,
And bending lowly greets;
Devoid of fear, behold the upright soul,
While vice and sloth turn pallid at my *whole*.

3.

My first (when aided by my whole),
Is fraught with mischiefs dire;
The stoutest hearts it will appal,
While arm'd hosts before it fall,
Like heav'n's consuming fire.
When belles, or beaux, wish to display
Themselves in youthful prime,
They chuse my next, lest by the way,
Their hoary honours should betray
The ravages of time.
It now remains, from what you've read,
The myst'ry to detect;
And, as I at the outset said,
My whole perforce must lend its aid,
To give my first effect.

Dec. 22, 1807. DUNELMENSIS.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE ENIGMAS AND CHARADE IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Home.——Lighthouse.——Son-net.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged by the kind attention of Variella, but the "Dialogue" will not suit our plan; it does not seem calculated to amuse or instruct our *fair* readers.

If H. D. W. will permit us to make a few alterations, his last favour shall appear.

Theodore is surely in jest—there are too many amiable females verging on a state of Old Maidenhood, for him to be long at a loss for a wife. We do not approve of advertisements on such occasions, neither would ours be a proper vehicle; on any other subject we shall be happy to hear from him.

It is a painful duty imposed on us, to reject the well-meant contributions of so many of our friends. It is equally our interest, and wish, to insert every piece of merit with which we are favoured; and our correspondents may be assured that we never give a positive refusal but for substantial reasons.

Stamfordiensis is requested to observe the apology just offered.

In answer to "Critica," we can only say, that we have endeavoured to make amends for the unavoidable advance in our price, by giving an additional half sheet; which, as it affords room for a greater variety of *original matter*, will, we trust, be deemed fully equivalent. The other part of Critica's letter is under consideration.

Several valuable communications are in hand, which we have not room to acknowledge.